

is this what it's worth?

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by [AliceFromLVJY](#)

Summary

"I had sex", Tommy says.

The sky outside is still dim— painted in a warm grey that slowly gives way to the orange light of the rising sun someplace outside the room's view. It can't be later than five in the morning. Sleep is sticky in Wilbur's eyes, and he'd have lied back down on any other day.

"I think you would've liked her. Bit too young for you, but. You would've."

Wilbur resists the urge to open his arms for a stretch. "Did you?", he asks.

The deer-in-headlights stare makes its return.

Tommy has an encounter he doesn't quite know how to deal with. He asks Wilbur for help.

Notes

tw for mildly dubious consent.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Wilbur has told him on more than one occasion not to hook up with fans.

It's way too delicate of an affair, he explained once, people will find out, some will be jealous, some will be mad— and Tommy, you know the internet, those people will not give you or them any kind of rest ever again— and it'll be, y'know, just a whole lot of chaos. His gaze trailed off into empty space there, his telltale thousand-yard-stare, and Tommy knew immediately that he wasn't just extrapolating.

Much, much more importantly though— and he looked Tommy in the eye again with a determined sort of sincerity— they are your fan first and foremost, and they do not fucking know what's best for them. It's way too easy to overstep the boundaries of someone who doesn't know them in the first place. You don't wanna do that to someone. Not to yourself, either.

Sometimes Tommy feels like Wilbur has taught him the very concept of kindness, like he wouldn't be half the person he is had he never met his best friend. Sometimes he wishes Wilbur had been more of a role model for how to take care of himself, as in— remembering where you drew the line if you ever did, and knowing if someone's stepped past it even after they're long gone.

Her hair is unruly when he meets her that morning. The September wind that smells of winter already has been playing with it far too enthusiastically for a little too long, but somehow it makes her smile more endearing, reaching up to the brown eyes that peek out beneath it. She's nice and confident and never asks for a photo. Instead, she throws an arm around Tommy's shoulders and tells him she knows a coffee place just down the street.

Tommy knows, knows, that she's the kind of girl that'd make Wilbur blush if she were maybe a little older.

Summer is ending, he reminds himself. They've flown over to Berlin for yet another vlog, the flight back only goes tomorrow, and he's ended up alone by late afternoon because everyone had something else they wanted to see or do and none of it sounded appealing to him. Neither did staying at the hotel. So— who is he to say no to someone fate's thrown right before his feet in an otherwise foreign city?

"My name is Katha", she tells him over two moccachinos. Her voice is deeper than he expected, with only a light accent.

"I'm Tom", says Tommy. She nods. She could've said *I know*, Tommy thinks, but she didn't, and surely that counts as a win. He can feel Wilbur's eyes burn holes into his back and barely resists the urge to turn around to confirm he isn't here with them.

The wind has even sharper teeth when they leave the café again.

And—

it all goes a little too fast: there's a three-stop tube ride to the place she shares with a friend, the door to her room doesn't close all the way but it doesn't matter, he thinks he sees a picture of himself on the wall above her desk but it doesn't matter because she's got her hands beneath his shirt and her lips on his neck and he tries to touch her back just as much but keeps lagging behind a bit. She has to reach over her shoulder with one hand to help him unclasp her bra. The clicking of his own belt between her fingers is the oddest sound in the universe.

He's inside her, then. The teeth on his throat sting enough to make his eyes water, but he doesn't tell her to stop. Up close, the smell of honey-sweetened tea on her is overpowering.

If this is sex, then— Tommy guesses it could be nice if it didn't overwhelm him so much. When he comes, he can feel her gaze on him like she's trying to catalogue every stuttering breath that leaves his lungs. Even after hundreds of hours spent in front of a camera it somehow manages to be one of the most embarrassing moments he's ever lived through.

He feels caught. He wonders what Wilbur would have to say about this.

She grabs a box of tissues from her nightstand once Tommy's clumsily managed to tie off the condom. "Don't you—", Tommy starts, but she shakes her head and says, "I'm good."

He cleans himself up and tucks himself back into his pants and lets her lead him back to the door.

"Goodbye, Tom. Richte Wil schöne Grüße von mir aus, ja?"

Whatever she's said doesn't fit into the approximately three words of german vocabulary Tommy knows. She's still topless. It only underlines the way she seems to have lost interest in him the moment he entered her room and didn't tell her not to touch him.

"Have a good night. Thank you", Tommy says like it's half a question.

This door is heavy, and it does close. A dull blanket of darkness has long sunken into the streets when Tommy leaves the house, turns to head back to the hotel.

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Sharing a room with Tommy is neither a habitual thing nor are they doing it for the first time. He'd simply appreciate some more communication, Wilbur thinks, because he's tired and he wants to go to sleep and stay asleep and Tommy still hasn't returned from wherever he's gone off too.

Wilbur pushes the side of him away that's concerned and leans into the one that voices annoyance.

— it's exactly twelve minutes and fourty-seven seconds past ten when a plastic card slides against the scanner outside and the lock clicks open. Twelve minutes and fifty-one seconds and Tommy is standing in the doorway that connects the small aisle behind the entrance with the bedroom. He doesn't immediately assault the main light switch like he always does.

"Hey, child. Can't believe you're demeaning yourself to pay me a visit again. I thought you'd fallen into the Spree and drowned or something", Wilbur says.

Tommy laughs a hoarse laugh. "I wouldn't drown, Wilbur. I'm a big man. I'd swim back to the bank and climb right out again. You know me."

Wilbur doesn't remember the last time he's heard Tommy so exhausted.

"I'll push you in tomorrow and we'll find out", he quips back with strained levity. "Go drown yourself in the sink first, though. I wanna turn off the lights."

When he returns from the bathroom, Tommy steps out of his jeans mechanically and puts them

down on a chair, neatly folded. He looks like a marionette in the half-light of Wilbur's bedside lamp. Wilbur switches it off once Tommy has crawled into bed on his side, thrown the covers over himself.

Wilbur smiles at him. "Tired?", he whispers.

Tommy stares back like a deer caught in headlights. "Probably", he admits after a few moments. "G'night, Wil." And he rolls over onto his other side so he's facing the window.

Wilbur hums and waits. Tommy's shoulder, all bony angles beneath a thin shirt, rises and falls with his breathing that's been elevated ever since he returned, now that Wilbur thinks about it, and just won't slow down. It won't, it won't, until Tommy lets out a bone-deep sigh.

"Wilbur?"

"Yeah?" He keeps his voice as quiet as he can.

"Can I— could I sleep by your side tonight, maybe?" Tommy shuffles back around again. His eyes are dull in the shadow of his body, his hair looks like it was sketched out with a pencil the way it's backlit by the sparse light coming in from the outside. They forgot to close the curtains, Wilbur realises.

"You're right next to me, king", he replies.

Tommy huffs. "I meant closer", he says. Winces and backtracks immediately. "Just this once? Just for tonight. Please, Wilbur."

Something is off.

"You're good, don't worry. I'm not even gonna— just don't make it weird, Tommy, okay?"

It earns him a look that's equal parts confused and resigned.

"... promise", Tommy murmurs and scoots over to where Wilbur's lifted the corner of his own blanket up for him. He curls in on himself right there, back a few inches from Wilbur's chest. Still, Wilbur feels warmth radiate weakly from his skin, and it makes him shiver in the cool hotel room the same way you do under the shower in early autumn when only the steaming water makes you realise how cold the air in your flat has gotten.

Winter progresses quickly and completely.

Wilbur carefully folds the blanket back down over them both. He reaches out and snakes a hand around Tommy's waist loosely, pushes his shirt down where it's ridden up a little.

"This okay?"

He gets a nod in return. Wills himself to stay awake for another five minutes to listen to Tommy's breathing gradually steadying out.

The overly sweet perfume of a woman is hanging in the air, clinging to Tommy's skin. He should ask. He doesn't.

...

Wilbur wakes up from a dream of which he only remembers the sentiment. His dick does, mostly — he can feel it pressed up against his leg. When he opens his eyes, Tommy is leaning against the headboard of the bed where he's propped up his pillow, folded in on himself with his knees drawn up to his chin. He's wearing socks in bed like an idiot.

His gaze wanders down to pointedly graze the bulge in Wilbur's boxers. Wilbur raises an eyebrow and nudges the blanket back into place.

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"I think you would've liked her. Bit too young for you, but. You would've."

Wilbur resists the urge to open his arms for a stretch. "Did you?", he asks.

The deer-in-headlights stare makes its return.

"Hey, hey, Tommy, is that why you— did anything happen? Did she do anything to you? How did you even meet her?" Wilbur inhales and exhales and only notices that he's gotten loud when Tommy flinches. "I'm sorry, I'm— you're fine, right, Tommy? You're okay?"

Tommy sighs like he wants to sink into the mattress and never come back up again. "Yeah. Told you I'd be fine. I met her at a café", he begins. "I just can't believe she's gone."

Wilbur slides over to sit next to him, reaches around his back to put a hand on his shoulder. His thumb starts rubbing gentle circles into Tommy's skin.

"Like— I don't get it. I've never had sex before, and now I suddenly did, and I think it was good but it also went by so quickly and I left and I'll never— I'll probably never see her again. But I can still feel it. It doesn't go away. Is it supposed to go away, Wil?"

He lifts his hand to cover Wilbur's own with it and leads it to the side of his neck. "Here", he whispers.

Wilbur leans forward to have a look. He didn't notice the bruises the night before. They've turned a light purple already, uneven with the traces of someone's overeager teeth; there's no actual wounds, though, much to Wilbur's reassurance. He places two fingers on one of them and regrets it the moment he hears Tommy's breath hitch.

He lets go of Tommy entirely.

"And everywhere else. Without the bruising. But it's there, you've gotta believe me for this one, and it's driving me just the smallest bit crazy and I need it gone, Wilbur. I need it gone. Can you— can you make it go away?" Tommy's voice breaks a little at the end. The shards find their way into Wilbur's heart with deadly precision.

"I don't think that counts as being fine, Tommy", he says. "What do you want me to do? Do you want to talk about it?"

Tommy looks down. There's no way to say *'I'm afraid you will judge me for it'*, whatever *it* entails, that could be more obvious. Wilbur doesn't get to disagree.

"Pretend I'm a hard drive, and you want the old information on it gone, but for some reason your laptop is being weird and difficult and you can't just delete it. So you have to overwrite it with something less annoying. Maybe something you actually like, while you're at it."

Wilbur *has* to be getting the wrong idea. It's his stupid dream, his sleepiness, the haze of an early morning. It has to be.

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you're trying to tell me", he says slowly.

Tommy looks back up at him. There's something much too fierce glimmering in his storm-blue eyes.

"Wilbur", he says, "I need you to fuck me."

The room spins around them once, twice; falls out of its suspension in the fabric of reality. Time encases Wilbur like concrete, filled to the brink with an absurdity that makes him question whether or not any of this is real. He should be somewhere else. He is somewhere else, and his mind is making this conversation up, and he—

he flinches when Tommy closes a hand around his wrist. "Please. You can help me. I know you want— to."

I know you want me, echoes through the room.

Wilbur swallows despite the tightness in his throat, tries to force his heartbeat back down into the cavity of his chest. "I don't *want* you, Tommy. I don't want to have sex with you. You're— you are delusional if you think I'd ever want to do this to you."

I know you want me. I know you want me.

Something whiny creeps into Tommy's voice. It takes Wilbur much too long to recognise it as beginning panic. "Wilbur. I need you to do this— *with* me, Wil. I'm asking you. Please. Please." His eyes are wet. The warm light makes his skin glow pale in stark contrast to the bruises. Wilbur's finger twitches.

"Come here", he whispers and wraps his arms around Tommy, presses him close. Tommy shivers at his touch and only returns the hug after a few moments with careful hands that slide around Wilbur's sides like he's made of glass and sugar. Like he's the one who's breakable.

"I don't know where else to go", he murmurs into the crook of Wilbur's neck.

There's a long moment of silence. Wilbur holds Tommy tighter so he doesn't notice how he's shaking all the way to his fingertips.

"Do you want this, Tommy? You don't sound like it. I promise there's other ways to deal with this", he says. Everything is wrong. *He* is wrong for even entertaining the thought of what Tommy has suggested.

Tommy's breath is hot and damp on his neck. "Yes", he says. "I need this."

Wilbur is made of glass, in the end. He breaks.

He remembers the small yet-unopened bottle of lube that he's thrown into an abandoned side pocket inside his suitcase a few months ago in definite overexcitement, the condoms he's shoved in there haphazardly before departing for Berlin. It'll do.

When he sits back down on the bed, Tommy is palming himself through the fabric of his underpants. Wilbur knows it's less out of arousal and more because he's nervous and needs to keep his hands occupied, but he still wants to close his eyes and never open them again. Tommy is a sin he's going to commit.

What scares him the most is how bad he wants to— how bad he needs to kiss the awakening sunlight into Tommy's skin until he forgets about whatever went down with the girl he met yesterday, until all he knows is quiet ease.

"Turn around. Onto your stomach. It's easier that way", he instructs. *I can't look you in the eye while I'm doing this.* "Try hugging your pillow. It's good to have something to rest your head on."

Tommy giggles and does as he's told. Wilbur catches the outlines of muscles and sinews moving beneath the thin shirt he wears for sleep.

"You've done this a lot, huh?" Tommy's voice is half curiosity, half attempted mockery.

"Been a while", Wilbur admits.

He places a hand on the small of Tommy's back, slips two fingers beneath the hem of his boxers. "Okay. Listen, Tommy— I need you to be very vocal about this. You gotta speak up when something feels bad. If you say stop, we stop."

Tommy nods into the pillow.

Wilbur leans down, brings his lips up to Tommy's ear. "Promise you will. I don't wanna hurt you." He leaves a kiss between Tommy's shoulderblades when he pulls back. Tommy's entire body goes rigid.

"Fuck you. Yeah, I promise. I know you don't, prick", he presses out, still muffled by the sheets. "Get on with it. Please, Wilbur."

There is nothing left to say. Wilbur stares at Tommy's tousled hair that's been spun into liquid gold by the light falling in from the window, transfixed. Soon, it'll grow less warm and brighter and brighter and the haze will vanish and Wilbur will have to face the consequences of his actions.

He slides Tommy's boxers down his thighs, tugs them off his legs and tosses them aside. Settles down on his knees between them and carefully rubs a single finger against his hole. Tommy gives a full-body shudder. There's goosebumps visible on his arms.

"Gonna get a little cold", Wilbur warns and snaps the lube open, squeezes some onto his fingertips. Tommy jolts when they touch his skin.

"Ow", he comments. Wilbur smiles bitterly.

Time turns thick and syrupy once he pushes a finger inside. It has indeed been a while, and he's determined not to hesitate, but the situation itself is trying to pick a fight with him. He pours more lube over his hand and works it into Tommy before adding a second finger, and Tommy whimpers, and time is bleeding around them. The lube drips onto the mattress. Wilbur glares down at the wet

spot and squeezes out some more.

He opens his best friend up as slowly as he can until he's got four fingers inside him to the hilt without meeting resistance.

"Please", Tommy whispers. "Come on and fuck me."

It sounds obscene coming from his mouth, in his voice. It sounds desperate.

"Isn't this enough for you?", Wilbur says. Then, without thinking, "For now? I'll get you off like this, and it'll be just as good at whatever else you're imagining."

He wriggles his other hand between Tommy's pelvis and the mattress and wraps a dry hand around his dick that's half-hard by now; crooks his fingers inside Tommy in the same instant he gives it a hard jerk. Tommy all but yells.

"Shit, fuck, oh god— no— fuck. No, Wilbur", he grits out and shakes his head fervently. "I need you inside me. I need you everywhere, I think. Can you please— be closer to me? Please?"

Wilbur kisses the inside of his thigh. "You'll be my fucking undoing. I hope you know that."

"You're doing nothing wrong. You're way too kind to me." Tommy has turned his head as far back as possible, tries to meet Wilbur's gaze with something devastating in his eyes. It's misplaced trust.

Wilbur shoots him a crooked grin. "I am going to hell for this."

He retreats his fingers and wipes them off on the sheets because they'll be checking out in a few hours anyway and flops down on his back next to Tommy, kicks his own underpants off. He's not quite hard yet, but the interested look Tommy gives him helps more than it should.

He laughs. "What? It's a fucking dick, Tommy."

"Can I touch it?", Tommy asks. Wilbur shrugs and nods and watches as Tommy crawls over, kneels down next to him and presses a finger right to the tip. His hand is warm when he wraps it around the base, starts stroking Wilbur off just shy of the right amount of pressure.

Wilbur covers his hand with his own. He can't just sit there and watch— not with the way Tommy is willing to learn and eager to please and has all his disposable attention on Wilbur's dick and on how Wilbur hisses quietly when he rolls his palm across the head with a flick of his wrist that should be illegal. The tension in his shoulders from the night before is still there. Wilbur smells perfume again, honey-thick.

He fumbles for the condom he's dropped onto the bed, rips it open and hands it to Tommy with the right side facing up. Tommy rolls it on with more boldness than he'd expected. Wilbur lifts the lube up much too high and it drips down cold into the crease of his hip and Tommy barks out a nervous laugh, runs his fingers through his hair. Wilbur curses, slicks himself up with it anyway.

"Come here. On top of me", he whispers. His voice feels hoarse and dissonant.

The room starts stuttering off its axis again when Tommy swings a leg over to his other side so he's straddling his lap. A drop of precome glistens on the tip of his dick.

"You want to stop, we stop."

Tommy lets himself drop down to his elbows, exhales hot against Wilbur's throat. "Yes", he croaks.

"Yes. Please."

Wilbur steadies him with one hand on the small of his back and uses the other to guide himself inside, inch by inch until they're flush against each other. It pushes the smallest sound out of Tommy, something open-mouthed and breathy, barely more than the edge of a sigh. His shoulderblades splay out like the wings of a bird. It sets fire to Wilbur's mind so fast he gets dizzy with it.

"Feels weird", Tommy murmurs. "Not— not bad. Just so fucking odd."

And he leans down for a kiss. Wilbur presses two fingers to his lips before he can steal one.

"Please don't", he says. "And you'll get used to it. Try to relax for me."

There is something terribly fascinating about the way Tommy shivers when Wilbur buries a hand in his hair to tuck his head into the crook of his neck and presses him closer, closer. Wilbur wants to make him feel so much. He wants to coax pleasure from his body until he's screaming with it.

He pulls his knees up for leverage and starts moving slowly, stops again when Tommy clenches down around him. He places a hand on Tommy's waist, brushes a thumb along his hipbone.

"Breathe, Tommy. Don't forget to breathe. You wanna do it yourself?"

Tommy's eyes are blank when he lifts his head. Wilbur pulls his shirt that has rucked up to his chest over his shoulders for him and tosses it aside, hopes his hands are not as cold anymore when he puts them back. Tommy extends a hand to steady himself against the headboard of the bed, presses the other one into the mattress.

He's clumsy and manages to overwhelm himself with it at once; sinks down and pushes himself up far enough that Wilbur's dick slips out of him. Wilbur holds it steady for him to take it back in.

"Stay down and try smaller movements. A bit faster too, if you want." His voice is low.

Tommy does as he's told and throws his head back with a soft moan. His neck is illuminated from one side and painted in shade on the other. Wilbur doesn't allow himself to reach up and touch it. He wraps a hand around Tommy's dick instead and is rewarded with a full-body jolt, another dribble of precome.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck. This is good." Tommy presses his lips together, eyes screwed close. "I won't— I think I'm close. I'm close. Please, Wilbur."

Please, Wilbur.

Wilbur smirks. "Yeah? You're gonna come from this already? Go on. Show me how good you're feeling."

Tommy grinds down like he wants to sink into his skin. Wilbur focuses on the tip of his dick, swipes his thumb across the slit over and over again, presses it into the frenulum. It twitches between his fingers.

"Wilbur", Tommy repeats. "Wilbur. Wil. Please", and then he's coming into Wilbur's hand with a breathless whimper. There's a hint of surprise in his voice. He shudders through his orgasm in visible waves of sensation, finally collapses onto Wilbur's chest, disheveled and sweaty.

Wilbur finds he likes him like this. Wraps his arms around him, sticks his nose into his hair.

"Oh, Tommy. What are you making me do to you?", he whispers.

Tommy hugs him back firmly.

Please, Wilbur, rings out in Wilbur's head. He nudges Tommy off his erection and closes his hand around it instead, starts jerking himself off carelessly the way he knows will be quickest.

He turns his head to the ceiling, gasps for air. Tommy's weight on him is intoxicating. He doesn't dare look down again, doesn't want to meet eyes that see him for so much more than he actually is — and he knows what those eyes look like when they roll back with pleasure now, and he knows the sound of his own fucking name on Tommy's tongue when he's near-incapacitated with Wilbur balls-deep inside him because he asked him to and Wilbur said *yes* where he should've said *no, not a chance*, and—

Tommy presses a kiss to his exposed throat, something feather-light and wet and cruel in its gentleness.

Wilbur tips over the edge with a strangled whine, feels his orgasm rip through his body like a guitar string being pulled taut and let go, pulled taut and let go. The world vibrates with it.

He shudders through the aftershocks and wonders very briefly what Tommy's lips would feel like against his own.

"Fuck", he says. Closes his eyes.

Tommy, for once, is quiet. The sun has mostly risen now; Wilbur can feel the light on his retinae.

"What's her name?", he asks.

"Katha", Tommy murmurs into his chest. The german pronunciation sounds a little awkward in his accent. Not that it tells Wilbur anything, obviously. He should ask again when they're back home. Some part of him already knows he won't.

He's getting cold, too, mostly naked with the sweat on his skin cooling off. Summer has ended, he understands in that moment, and the days will get shorter and the sun will rise later so he can hide in the darkness. Its light should hate him for all he's done.

(Tommy's smile reminds him of sunlight, sometimes. He wonders if he'll ever deserve to see it again.)

He traces the vertebrae of Tommy's spine that stick out a bit with a fingertip and asks, voice flat, "Is this what you needed?"

"I don't know, Wilbur", is what comes back. "I really don't know."

They're unsalvageable.

"I'm gonna go and take a shower. Checkout is by eleven, I think."

Tommy hums and rolls off him like a wet sack of potatoes, stays still on his back. He might be half-asleep already. Wilbur gets ahold of a corner of his blanket that's been kicked to the foot of the bed and tugs it up to his shoulders.

He turns the shower temperature up to its hottest setting and waits until the water is practically boiling. He steps into it and forces himself to hold out until his skin is numb to it. He scrubs at his

arms and his sides and the inside of his thighs until they're red and raw, but the weight of Tommy's body against them does not come off. Neither does the guilt.

It's gonna eat what's left of him alive.

∴

It starts raining around noon. They have to run the few dozen meters from the gate to their plane's gangway, and Tommy still feels the drops hit his face from the side. The September wind's teeth on his skin are sharper than ever.

Wilbur lets him have the window seat. He sits down next to Tommy without saying a single word.

When the plane starts rolling down the runway, gradually picks up its pace, Tommy wonders why the world doesn't care about all the things that happen everyday. It should be thrown off its orbit by the amount of love and hate and desire and stupidity and guilt its residents carry around with them at all times. It should give out signs for people that have gone through life-changing events, like *don't jump off that bridge now, I see you, little human guy*. It doesn't.

When the plane loses the ground beneath its wheels and starts defying gravity the way all planes do that Tommy will never understand, he wonders what he's leaving behind this time. If he'll only find out later.

If it has added to his whole.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading! kudos and comments are my lifeblood and help me write!

so. if you've been following this series, you may have noticed i'm not posting anonymously anymore. i finally made a second account for pmcyt fics and brought everything over that i've written already. go subscribe if you want! and have fun finding the four references to lovejoy songs that unwittingly snuck their way past me when writing this. well, three of them did.

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